BRITISH AFRICA.

THE OLD OPHIR AND THE NEW EL DORADO.

ZAMBESIA, ENGLAND'S EL DORADO IN AFRICA Being a description of Matabeleland and Mashona land and the less-known adjacent territories, and at account of the gold fields of British South Africa By E. P. Mathers, F. G. S., F. R. G. S. Svo, pp. 480 London: King, Sell & Raiton, Limited.

Collatitious" is the queer old word the author digs out of limbo to describe the character of many, if not most, of the pages wherein he deals and deals well, with the latest aspects of a land always old and always new. One may therefore he excused from hinting that in the work of authorship paste and soissors have been mightier than the pen. The book is, as a Frenchman might say, if minded to translate himself literally everything that there is of most Nineteenth Cen tury"; end of the century at that. Once allow for the fact that it is one big advertisement for the British South African Company, with a fine boom for Mr. Cecil Rhodes in tow, and you may alternately read and skip to the close with in terest and comfort. For Mr. Mathers is more than the mere geologist and geographer the letters tacked to his name imply; more even than the author of a trilogy of earlier books on South Africa the country; he is the editor of "South Africa the newspaper, and thus it is that he knows what you wish to know, and just how to tell it to you. This he does not carelessly and perfunctorily as is the fashion with most authors or editors o works of this commercial nature, but with an earnestness and vigor that are as pleasant as they are unlooked for. Two capital maps, the of Zambesia on a good large scale, one the other of South Africa in outline, complete the attractions of the book, unless one cares for unlimited cheap cuts by the mosquito-net process for a stiff jaundice cover, and for a general air and odor that plainly say "colonial market." The sort of thing London has all along persuaded itself every colonist likes. Very likely your conservative Londoner-so conservative that he is sometimes driven to manufacture his own conservatism-began shipping books like this about the time he stopped shipping glass beads, the sale of these strangely beginning to flag.

Just as Mark Twain boasted that he was the only writer that had ever written sixteen pages, let us say, about Rome without once butchered to make a Roman holiday," and, thereupon made haste to say it, so naturally enough it is impossible for any author or editor to compose or compile 400 pages of African lore without pausing to mention the Queen of Sheba and the ruins of King Solomon. Impossible, even now, not to respect the hole or holes in the ground whence, some 3,000, years ago, the royal treasury of Israel drew its four or five thousand million dollars' worth, more or less, of virgin gold. Mr. Mathers places the half-mythical land of Ophir on the high watershed between the river Zambesi on the north and the Limpopo on the south. In this Sir Roderick Murcheson is with him. Auriferous quartz is there, with abandoned gold workings of great antiquity, and against the hypothesis there is really nothing. If ancient Ophir was not Monomotapa, and if Monomotapa of middle ages did not take in the Zambesia of our day and Mr. Mathers' and Mr. Cecil Rhodes's and the great "Chartered Company's," then where was Ophir, please? Not only are gold and gold-bearing quartz there, but the remains of smelting works have been found with slag and scoriae, and among them even traces

of lead ore. Immense as must be our respect for the empty places whence past generations have taken so much solid wealth, it is even more interesting to be told of the curious ruins lately discovered near the "Chartered Company's" pioneer trail constructed specially to carry British ambition, British enterprise British trade and British power, northward from Cape Town directly into the heart of Mashonaland. Fort Victoria, one of the company's strongholds, stands in south latitude 20 degrees 85 minutes, and longitude 31 degrees east; among the hilltops fifteen miles to the eastward are the ruins of Zimbabye, first discovered in 1871,; per baps earlier, but more thoroughly examined in 1889. Outer walls ten feet thick and twenty feet high around the ruins of buildings of bewn stone attest the existence in the remote past of a deeree of civilization not commonly accredited to this part of unknown Africa. Like our own native Kalirs neither know nor care a rap about any one that lived or anything that happened before their time. This is what "The Times" correspondent with the pioneer force of the British South Africa Company says of the

"The ruins themselves lie at the base of a striking and precipitous granite 'kopje,' inhabited by one of the Mashona tribes, under a chief called Moghabi. The first feature to be noticed on approaching the 'kopie' is the existence of an outer wall, about 4 ft, high, running apparently right around the entire 'kopie.' Next come indi cations of a second and inner wall; then, amid a perfect labyrinth of remains of small circular outer wall, about 4 ft. high, running apparently without some plan-southwest of the 'kopie' an 300 yards from its base we find ourselves confronted with the startling and main feature of these remains-namely, a high wall of circular shape, from 30 ft. to 35 ft. high, forming a complete enclosure of an area of 80 yards in diameter This wall (about 10 ft. in thickness at the base, and tapering to about 7 ft. or 8 ft. at the top) is built of small granite blocks, about twice th size of an ordinary brick, beautifully hewn and dressed, laid in perfectly even courses, and put together without the use of a single atom of either mortar or cement. This strange enclosure is entered on its eastern side by what at first sight appears to be a mere gap in the wall, but which closer examination reveals to be what was once evidently a well-defined narrow entrance, as shown clearly by the rounded-off courses.

"Inside the building itself, which is most difficult to examine thoroughly, owing both to the dense undergrowth and presence of quantities of trees hundreds of years old, which conceal traces of, seemingly, a series of further circular or elliptical walls, and close to the entrance and outer wall, here 30 ft. high, stands a conical shaped tower, or turret, 35 ft. in height and 18 ft. in diameter at the base, built of the same granite blocks and consisting of solid masonry. Lastly, the remaining feature of this building to be touched upon in this brief account is that on the southeast front of the wall, and 20 ft. from its base, runs a double zigzag scroll, one-third of the distance round, composed of the same sized granite blocks placed in diagonal positions. On the 'kopje' and hillside itself, too, there are numerous traces of remains of a similar character, circular buildings wedged in among boulders of rocks, walled terraces, at least nine in number : and, built on the very summit, an enormous mass of granite blocks, to be used, apparently, as a fort, and which, owing to the complete absence of any disintegrating forces in this climate, is in an almost perfect state of preservation."

The most plausible guess connects these buildings with the gold mines, and this again infallibly brings us back to King Solomon and the Queen

of Sheba. There is no escaping them.
"All that British" was the dream of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, as rich with the earned spoils of the diamond fields of Kimberley, he thirsted for at least one new world to conquer. "That" was the country first opened to view by Livingstone's discoveries in the Zambesi region; the country lying beyond the land of the Boers, and now shut ting them in or out, as one pleases, on the north and west; the region now known as Zambesia; the kingdom of the "Chartered Company" whereof Rhodes is the prophet. The story of the "concession," which the company was chartered to "work," somehow reminds one of the Nod of times when royal favorites, or the reverse, were pensioned off with a few thousand leagues in America to provide for them or to get rid of them. Allowing for the difference of times and prices it is hard not to think of Penn and his famous purchase from the blanketed chiefs of the Delawares

when one reads how the great fat "end man," the savage chief of the Matabeles, called "His Majesty Lo Bengula, after much dickering, conceding and "Indian giving," was induced to part with his "kingdom"-for it comes to that-for 1,000 rifles and \$500 a month. Perhaps the salary of one of the company's assistant secretaries. Then came the exploiting. From concession to concession, company, the thing went Diamond King," betook Rhodes, "the self to London, and sailed back with the Royal Charter.

from syndicate to company, from company himpersuaded the Colonial Secretary, fascinated Liberal Dukes, even flung largess to the dwindling treasury of the Parnellites, a royal charter as large as the African winds and almost as free. Nothing like it has been known since the charter of the Honorable East India The North Borneo charter may be Company. as big-on paper. The British South Africa Company starts with a fine brace of dukes and \$5,000,000 in money, to rule over 500,000 square miles, for all it is worth?

What next? Colonizing is simple work nown days with the Englishman and his offspring; they have been at it so long; and here there is no Government to interfere, to make things hard or slow or perfunctory. First we organize a mounted police, of course, and drill and teach them to form (and shoot) in one rank, just as if they were so many soldiers. Next for a pioneer corps. literally of men of all work. Then as soon as the travelling electric light plant arrives from England (supplied by one of the advertisers o the front cover), travelling on its own road engine, a pillar of smoke by day and a blare of light all night, we shall set out to make the best or the worst of our way through and over the 800 miles of toil and danger that divide us from the heart of Mashonaland. Half way, or say three-quarters, let us build a fort and call it Victoria for our gracious Queen; at the end another, Salisbury this time, after the Marquis, who, between ourselves, is the man that gave us that charter, royal though we call it.

And next? The author of "Zambesia" told Mr. Rhodes, "I want to see you take colonial England through to Cairo." On the cover he prophesies as the "railway instruction of the near future, the legend, Book from Cape Town to Cairo via Victoria What said the Colossus of Rhodes as Falls." Mr. Punch calls him? "Well, I have got to Tanganyika." In the scramble of all Europe for all Africa little England has already grabbed about 2,000,000 square miles, rather more than a quarter, and the best quarter, of the ungrabbed contents of the great grab-bag? Already she has swamped the Dutch and put a white "resident," in scarlet and gold, near the naked person of every one of her black "kings" or kinglets, to "His Majesty" straight. And so begins steer again, or rather advances again, the old process of overflow of younger sons into the fat places and of strong arms into the wide fields of British South Africa. Will the Chartered Company solve our own hard problem of restricting immigration by taking what we do not want? Likely enough. Let us hope for so easy a solution.

MODERN TOPICS IN OLD TIMES.

DISCUSSED BY ARISTOTLE.

ARISTOTLE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS.
Translated by E. Poste, M. A. Pp. x, 101. Macmillan & Co.

Enough has been said respecting the importance of the discovery of a new work by Aristotle and respecting the problem of its genuineness. It will suffice to point out the value of this excellent and readable translation by Mr. Poste, by reason of the light it easts on some extremely modern questions. The destructive results of applied "Nationalism," where every holder of a suffrage draws his support from the State, could not be better exemplified than in these The dangers of repudiation, even in a case so defensible as that which occasioned the law pre scribed by Solon, are presented by Aristotle with seemingly unconscious frankness. A person accus-tomed to the equality of the States in the American Federal system cannot see without surprise how distant every form of federation among the Greeks wa from a principle that seems to him so simple. Con sider the incorrupible Aristides, the proverbially hones man of Greek history, as the inventor of the plan by which the allies of Athens were turned into mere tribute-paying appendages-so rank a piece of political brigandage that its consequences could not escape the notice even of contemporaries.

It has of recent years been a favorite theory of accounting for the decadence of Spain that her war exhausted those family stocks which had furnished her leaders. This book shows that the hypothesis is not a modern invention, for it is logically included in Aristotle's argument on the losses of the Athenian people in sangulary and often fruitless expeditions. The inevitable decay of the executive in a political system where there are no checks on the power of the legislature are illustrated by Aristotle in hi comments on the men who followed Pericles as popular leaders. Those causes of national ruin which are concealed by the vast com plications of politics in modern States are easily laid bare in tiny Attica, which in its best days had only 500,000 population, most of whom wer slaves. How pertinent to one phase of modern lif is Aristotle's description of Kleon: "He appears to have been by his incitations a most effective corruptor of the commonalty. He was the first to bellow scold on the tribunal and made speeches in the garb of a workingman, while the others had always re-

garded decorum." garded decorum."

That it is a more difficult task to corrupt a large body of men, either as legislators or jurors, may seem like a modern discovery, but Aristotle had divined it. He generalized, too, upon the fate of dennagogues, for he said: "When the masses have been misguided, the time comes when they hate the authors of disgrace or disaster." The translator has deepened server, by the occasional use of words like "million aire" and "platform." It is surprising how these characteristic terms of the present age fit into the places in this version of the Stagirite's long lost dis-

A NORTHERN SAILOR. Florence Peacock, in The Academy. I shall slip my cable, Polly, Some night when the sun sinks low; When the tide is meaning, meaning, Just between the ebb and the flow.

How can they rest at night, Polly, Far away from the sound of the sea? I could not die in my bed, dear, If the waves they called not me.

They never have called in vain, Polly, I gave to the great North Sca, The best of all I had, child, It has taken my heart from me. I have never been able to rest, dear. Nor safely bide at home, For the sea was calling, calling, And I must breast the foam.

And once when I came back, Polly, They told me my wife was dead, Her eyes were as blue as the sea, child, That spring-time that we wed.

Ah, Polly, I loved her dearly, But she hated the wild North Sea. Strong, cruel, but oh! how free. I have sometimes wondered, Polly,

If it heard the words she said, When I told her I could not leave it, Till the day that I was dead. " You should not have married a wife then, You can love naught else save the sos. You had better stay with it forever You never have cared for me. **

Was it in anger, Polly, That it rose so high one day

And drown'd both my little lads, dear.

That were playing down there in the bay

It was hard, hard on me, Polly, To tell their mother the sea Had taken them from us forever, She turned her face from me. And answered, "The sen has heard me. Because of the words that I said,

It has taken my children from me, Go! leave me to mourn my dead. I left her alone with her sorrow, And I sought the storm-beat shore, Where my boys had pinyed so often, Where they should play no mere.

And I told the North Sea, Polly That smiled so fair and blue.

I must always love her forever.

That in spite of all I was true.

And so it has ever been Polly,
I have always given the sea
The best that I had to give, dear,
For it stole my soul from me. And I know that I could not rest, dear, In my grave, if away from the sen: I shall still benr it calling, calling, No matter how deep I be.

Ah well: I shall slip my cable some night, 'twixt the cbb and the flow, I shall hear the great sea calling, And I shall arise and go.

THECHURCH AND THE WORLD

THEIR RELATIONS DISCUSSED BY THE REV. HOWARD MACQUEARY.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES. By the Rev. Howard MacQueary, Author of "The Evolution of Man and Christianity." 8vo, pp. 289. United States Book Company.

It must not be supposed that this book derives itnly importance from the fact that it was written by the author of "The Evolution of Man and Christianity, hough undoubtedly that circumstance will give it ertain factitions interest in the eyes of many people. Orthodox Churchmen who have been led to look on Mr. MacQueary as the very incarnation of false doctrine, hereay and schism may turn to his latest utterance to find a confirmation of that fact. While liberals of all shades of belief and unbelief will be prepared to hall it as another blow at the thraidon of the creeds, it is perhaps the best possible comiment that could be paid to Mr. MacQueary to say that his book will disappoint both these classes of readers. For it indicates that, instead of working in some routine groove, he is doing his own thinking. and stands ready to proclaim his own conclusions, even though they may disappoint many people.

As its title indicates, the book consists of a series

of articles on the questions of the day which were originally delivered as lectures and sermons. are fresh, clear and forcible, and while they make no pretence to originality, it is evident that the author is something more than an echo. He has as similated and made his own what he has read on the questions he discusses; and the result is a series of papers that cannot fall to prove helpful and stimula ing to all thinking people, even though they may disagree with him on many points. There are instances here and there of overstatement, as when he referto Congress as composed largely of boodlers; and oc casionally there is an absence of perspective in the discussion of certain phases of thought. But while these are serious blemishes, they are far outweighe by many excellencies that give to the book a distinet value as a popular compendium of what modern progressive thinkers have to say on the question hat most nearly concern the Church and the State.

progressive thinkers have to say on the questions that most nearly concern the Church and the State.

The following passage from the preface will give a very good idea of the spirit that animales the book:

There are two radically different ideas of the Church and the Pulpit. By many the Church is considered a sort of "ire-escape," an institution established for the purpose of saving men from a distant burning prison. The chersyman is regarded as a sort of religious polleeman, whose duty it is to hold up before sinners pictures of hell, to scare them into doing their duty. He must scoarge them into the straight and narrow way with the thong of fear. In other words, the Church and the Pulpit are supposed to deal with the future world, not with this, at least not primarily with this. Religion is exparated, or at least distinguished from morality, and it is taught that a man may be a moral man, a very moral man, and yet go to hell. On the other hand, many think that Jesus came to save His people from their sins, to suve them from the hell of a depraved soul, and from the consequences of such depravity here and hereafter, to convert earth into paradise. They therefore hold that the Church and the Pulpit have something to do with the moral aspect of every question, political, social or scientific, that the best way to prepare men for the next life is to make them better in this. They hold that religion and morality are twin sisters. The man who preaches orthodox theories of the Atonement, the Incarnation, etc., and leaves in the form that large company who will cry: "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name done many wonderful things!" But He will answer, "I never knew you."

This is well put, though not novel. But the charge against orthodox preaching is too indiscriminate.

This is well put, though not novel. But the charge against orthodox preaching is too indiscrim Doubtless it is the tendency of those who dwell too exclusively in the domain of theology to accentuate doctrines at the expense of conduct. But practically that tendency does not have full play in any body of evangelical Christians that we know of. If they emphasize doctrines, it is because they believe those doctrines will affect conduct. And even the driest theological discourse preached is sure to have some application in it to the lives of men. We do not deny that an undue and harmful emphasis has been placed on speculative dogmas, and that such dogmas have frequently been exalted to a place of importance they do not deserve, but we do say that in the most arid ages of doctrinal theology, Christians have been better than their creeds, and have perforce been compelled to think of the life that now is as well as the life that

But Mr. MacQueary does not intentionally do an in justice to the Church. In a well-considered article on Labor and Capital he makes this discriminating criticism of the clergy:

"I have received no special favor from my elerical brethren that I should defend them; but I do believe that most of them are kindly disposed to the workingmen, and would fain render them a good service. The eason why more of them do not do this is found not in their depravity of heart, but in their false education There is not, as there should be, a chair in social science in every one of our theological seminaries, to teach candidates for the ministry how to apply Christian principles to the solution of the complicated innstrial problems. Their minds are crammed full Greek and Hebrew; they are tanglit how to prove that miracles happened nineteen centuries agoer rather they are taught to attempt to prove this, but the teaching for the most part is a failure. Church is the Church-the only Church. They are in short taught sectarian theology-theories of inspiration theories of the Godhead, theories of the Atonement, theories of future retribution, theories on this and theories on that subject. But they are not taught the grand truths contained in the Sermon on the Mount I mean they are not taught to apply these great principles in detail to particular cases of political corruption and social oppression, regardless of whom they offend. . . Workingmen, therefore, must not make unreasonable demands of the clergy. Let them remember that they are mere human beings; let them consider the amazing influence of environment or sur Above all, let them remember that some, indeed many elergymen are already aroused and are doing what they can; and their example and influence will tell in due time. What the workingmen should do is not to stand aloof from the clergy and the Church, for they certainly can never win their help by such means; no vidually, but they should get possession of the clergy and the Church. We want a workingmen's Church, not a workingmen's political party, and the working men can give us this, They can put their men int the ministry and build them churches, and tell them to preach, not theology, but the 'ology' of Jesus Christ -the gospel of good deeds-and then they should go to

In the main all of this is true, but here also there is fallure to make nice discriminations. The trouble with modern preaching is not that it substitutes dog mas for the Gospel of Christ, but that it puts an undur emphasis on merely human and accidental elements in the Gospei. There is a lack of perspective and a blur ring of the spiritual vision in the presentation of Christian truth that makes it seem weak and trivial nor would the religious problem be solved by making the Church over into a workingmen's Church, as Mr MacQueary suggests. Why a workingmen's Church any more than a merchants' Church, or a lawyers' or doc tors' Church! Besides, are the workingmen the per Besides, are the workingmen the per sons best qualified to reorganize such an institution as the Christian Church? Would Mr. MacQueary be willing to intrust this task to a convention of mechan les and laborers, however intelligent or moral they might be! Nay, more, would the workingmen then selves be willing to undertake the job? We think not The greater their intelligence, the more conscious they would be of their limitations, and the less ready they would be to make the Church a narrow class organiza tion. Of course, the author did not intend to advocate such a course, but his language seems to indicate tha he did. He undoubtedly meant no more than to say that the Church does not live up to its principles o universal brotherhood, a statement with which most intelligent Christians will heartly agree.

Here is a passage from a sermon on the necessity of creeds, in which the author pays his respects to a large lass of pestiferous liberals:

They glory in having no creed, in calling themselve "infidels" or "liberals," and yet these same people are often The most illiberal dogmatists, and believe the greatest absurdities. They disbelieve in God, but they believe that matter produces everything. They reject thought. They refuse to call Christ " Master," but enio gize Buddha to the skies. They ridicule Christianity. but they laud Mohammedanism. They are 'agin the Church,' but they are for all sorts of vagaries and absurdities. Such people are a weariness to the flesi and I constantly meet them, and because I try to be and I constantly meet them, and because I try to be truly liberal and reasonable, they facey that I must accept all the trash that they accept. True liberalism searches freely and fearlessly for truth, and acknowledges it wherever it exists. It bows before an unammade God, but it worships the Creator of all things. It adores Christ, while rejecting the irrational theories that men have promulgated about Him. It admits the defects of popular Christianity, but attributes them to human nature, not to the Faunder of Christianity or His trachings. It recognizes scientific, historical or even moral imperfections in the Hible, but it also considers it the Book of books, the most magnificent and wondering bleec of sacred literature ever published. It was fine abuses of ecclesiasticism, but it has no objection to creeds just became they are creeds.

Mr. MacQuesty's defence before the ecclesiastical

Mr. MacQuesry's datence before the ecclesiastical ourt which recently used him for heresy is included in the volume. It is prefaced by a letter from Andrew

D. White, in which he says: "I have read your speech carefully twice, and I congratulate you upon it most heartily. Excellent as your book was, I think that your speech shows still greater power. It stirred me deeply. . . . I look to you and men like you to initiate movements which will bring about a proper union between Christianity and modern thought, speech is certainly able, whatever may be said as to its conclusiveness, and in a large measure it doubtless reflects the general attitude, if not the actual views, of many orthodox ministers in the churches.

LITERARY NOTES.

The fourth volume of the English version of Von Sybel's "Founding of the German Empire" is coming from the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

A volume of "Poems" by Mr. Lecky is on the Longmans' list of autumn ann are to bring out, too, Mrs. Walford's new novel. "The Mischief of Monica"; Archdeacon Farrar's novel, "Darkness and Dawn"; and the third and concinding volume of Professor Gardiner's "History of the Great Civil War."

Madame Michelet, the widow of the historian, will not allow her husband's correspondence to be published; and under the circumstances she would seen to be reasonable in her prohibition. whe are in possession of the letters tried to bring them out without her consent. Finding they could not do this, they made overtures to the widow and legatees of Michelet, who promised her consent on condition that the letters should be printed as they stood, and that she should be allowed to compare the copies sent to the press with the originals. being refused, Mme. Michelet declined to allow the correspondence to be published.

"J. D. C." writes to "The Athenaeum": "I have found the fellowing sonnet in a notebook of S. T. Coleridge kindly lent to me by its present possessor his grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. verses are in the poet's handwriting, and the composition is certainly his, for the MS, has many corections; indeed, I have had no little difficulty piecing out the text as maily settled. The style, however, is so unlike that of any original composition known to be Coleridge's that I am much disposed to believe this sonnet to be a translation, probably from the Italian or Spanish. If you will be good enough to print it, some reader of 'The Athenseums may recognize the original.

Lady, to Death we're doom'd, our crime the same Then, that in me thou kindled'st such flerce Heat; I, that my Heart did of a Sun so sweet

The Rays concenter to se hot a flame. I, fascinated by an Adder's Eye-Deef as an Adder thou to all my Pain; Thon obstinate in Scorn, in passion Ilov'd too much, too much didst thon disdain Hear then our doom in Hell as just as stern, Our sentence equal as our crimes conspire-Who living bask'd at Beauty's earthly Fire, In living flames eternal there must burn-Hell for us both fit places too suppliesin my Heart Thou wilt burn, I roast before thine eyes.

Mr. John Vance Cheney, heretofore known as poet, is about to make a venture in prose. Lee & Shepard are bringing out a series of essays by him entitled "A Golden Guess." They are also publish-ing a volume of notations of bird music arranged by

him from the manuscripts of his father, Mr. S. P.

Chency. The appropriate title of this book is

Wood Notes Wild.

cary's trade.

It is supposed that the hardships of his youth had ome influence in leading Henrik Ibsen to take the sombre views of life which fill his dramas. When he was born his family belonged to the aristocracy of the little town of Skien and "kept," it is recorded, "open house on a large and liberal scale." When he was eight years old this comfortable life came to a sudden and. Financial difficulties compelled father to give up his house th Siden and to retire to a small, neglected estate which was all that was left to him when his creditors were satisfied. Such a change in social position was deeply felt by the family and Ibsen grew up in this atmosphere of sad-Then, too, he wanted to become an artist, and ness. really had much talent for the profession; but his parrow circumstances compelled him to give up his aspirations and to content himself with the apotho-

Anstey's "Vice-Versa" has been rendered into Greek for the purpose of enticing unwilling youth into

the study of that language. "Mr. W. D. Howells and M. Paul Bourget." says an English journal, "The Anti-Jacobin," "writing simultaneously on a matter which concerns their common craft, and admitting the same premises. have arrived at opposite conclusions. Mr. Howells maintains that in the drama of actual life the passion that therefore the prominence assigned to it in fiction is unveracious and in tistic. M. Bourget admits the fact, and states the argument based upon it in language which reads almost like a paraphrase of the language of Mr. Howells; yet he positively refuses to admit its cogency, maintaining the tradition embodied in the definition of the novel as a story dealing chiefly with love. But M. Bourget defends the prominence of love in fiction not primarily as a theme ont as an artistic expedient. The true theme of the povelist is human nature as a whole; but he finds that, as a rule, the nature of most men and women displays its characteristic outlines and expression most effectively for purposes of presentation under the domination of this particular passion. The aim of the novelist is truth, and the most obvious means to the achievement of truth is the intro of love, because (to paraphrase a familiar proverb) in amore veritas. in the plea, but it is none the less a sound one. The power of strong passion to reveal in its entirety the nature moved by it has been pointed out by more than one observer; notably by old Thomas Fuller, who enid 'Physicians to make some small veins in their patients' arms plump and full, that they may see them the better to let them blood, use to put them into hot water; so the heat of passion presenteth many invisible veins in men's hearts to the eye of the beholder.' To which Mr. Howells would course reply that it need not be a passion of love; but as that passion certainly lands itself most readily to artistic treatment, M. Bourget might have the last

The interference of the literary censor in German has of late years become especially irksome. Free dom of the press, apparently, will soon be reduced to the same level as in Russia. His prohibition, too is sometimes ridiculous in the extreme. Not long the director of one of the theatres in Magde burg decided to produce George Buechner's drama, The Staats-anwalt"-the local representative of the censor-appeared at the theatre and forbade the prescatation of the piece "because it contained violent democratic ideas." Bucchner's drama, as all who are familiar with German literature know, has existed for more than sixty years, and has given pleas ure to thousands of people during that time. fact, however, did not molify the director, Ernst von Wildenbruch's drama, "The New Master, was prohibited for a time in Frankfort, although that imperial autocrat, Emperor William, had at tended and approved of its production in Berlin. Men of genius in Germany may perhaps soon fear to

Mrs. Miriam C. Harris, the author of the once very popular "Rutledge," has written a new novel under the title of "An Utter Fallnre."

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's Life of Boswell, Johnson's Boswell, is to be brought out here by Appleton. The work is said to be full of anecdotes.

Dr. Bruno Walden has just published in Germany a popular edition of Prince Bismarch's "Collected Works, Letters, Speeches and Official Documents." The two volumes contain much interesting material. and form a valuable commentary upon the history of the last half century.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's new novel is one of New-York life, and takes divorce for its leading motive.

graphical Magazine" shows a steady growth of that excellent publication in popular interest and scientific The range of its contents is such as to appeal to all tastes, and the wide-awake enterprise of its directors is seen in its presentation and discussion of the latest and freshest topics in the domain of geoadded to the magazine since it was started, such as the "Young Folhs' Corner," "lilnts for Tenchers," Notes and Queries," and a very full and well classified list of current publications relating to geography. Every page is repiete with information or fertile suggestion, and the periodical, as a whole, is one that neither teachers and students nor any one who wishes to know all that he can about the world he lives in can well afford to be without.

A FRENCH NOVELIST.

WRITER OF THE MOST POPULAR BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Paris, August 27.
The most singular fact in French literature of to-day is M. Georges Ohnet. If one is to believe the critics, his works are failures. According to the modern school of naturalism, none of his books is worth reading. He has plagiarized, they say, all that is good in his books. There is not a spark of originality about the man. As for literary talent, style, what not, it is preposterous to mention it in connection with M. Ohnet. Really, he is a literary nullity. Such has been the almost universal chorus of the critics. "Serge Panine" and "Le Maitre des Forges" were damned, not with faint praise, but with the most vigorous denunciation and contempt. As for "Dernier Amour," pouf! It was not even worth damning. And when this incorrigible scribbler ventured to put forward his "Dette de Haine"-which does not refer, by the way, to what he owes the critics -there was simply a universal sniff of utter weariness and commiseration.

Now, all this has no effect upon M. Ohnet, for he seldom reads what the critics say. What effect does it have upon the general public, then? This, for one thing, that M. Ohnet's books are more widely read than those of any other French novelist of the day, and the number of their readers is steadily increasing. Not even M. Zola, who is at the antipodes of the literary globe, can hope to rival him in popularity, either at home er abroad. All of M. Ohnet's works run into editions of scores and hundreds of thousands, and they are translated into other languages and have an equal circulation in foreign lands. And this is the more remarkable, in that his works not only do not meet with the favor of the critics, but they run counter in tone to what the public taste is supposed to demand. There is an impression abroad that the French public, and indeed the public of other lands, require novels highly seasoned with the spice of vice. Sensationalism and eroticism are supposed to be the qualities that not only meet with most favor, but are absolutely essential to success. Very well. How unjust this is may be seen from the avidity with which people read M. Ohnet's works, which are entirely devoid of those qualities. Perhaps more of immorality would please the critics, but purity seems to be approved by the public. One may say the same of M. Ohnet's plays, which are dramatizations of his novels; except "Dernier Amour," in which the play preceded the novel. There are few more popular dramas on the stage, despite the fact that the dramatic critics invariably write them down in the harshest terms. Talking of his plays recently, M. Ohnet said

It is not an agreeable profession, that of a playwriter. It is hard work. I feel constrained to attend every rehearsal; and that is no small task -especially to a man who suffers from the gout. Novel-writing is far easier and pleasanter. However, I prefer play-writing, despite the trouble and fatigue it entails. You see, when you write a novel you need not leave your quiet study. You can work when you like, and you have only one judge to satisfy-the public. Your romance sells, or does not sell, but in any case you are not worried from morn to night. But when you write for the theatre, you have to go through endless rehearsals, which are almost killing, particularly if you wish your work to be properly represented. It is worse than being sentenced to hard labor to be forced to remain on the stage every day for four or five hours listening to the actors going through their parts. By the time the ordeal is over you lose your head entirely."

M. Ohnet then referred to the critics. "Here. he said, "is another annoyance attendant on the theatre, and not by any means the least objectionable, for the critics, by their judgment, may damn your piece. If they were but eclectic, the evil would not be so bad, but they are not, and criticise your work in obedience to the preconceived ideas of their own school. It is impossible, there fore, for them to pronounce a fair and reas Thus I know beforehand which papers will speak well of me, and which will attack me The critics, to be able to form an unbiased judgment, should set aside entirely their personal tastes. I am an idealist, and yet they combat me with naturalist arguments! A great deal has been said at different times of the struggle formerly between the classics and romantics, but it s nothing compared with what takes place in these days. Never was any battle so fierce as that which exists between the naturalists and idealists. Hence, I repeat, the study is preferable to the theatre. If you are fond of repose, be a novelist; if you like fighting and are not afraid, be a dramatist. There is one thing, however, in favor of the stage-one success will make you celebrated, whereas you may write ten novels and still be unknown. I work for the public," he added, recurring to the hostility of the critics. I recognize no other master. So long as the public approves my work, I am indifferent to the

critics." The system of work which M. Ohnet pursues is a simple one. "I begin," he said, "with an idea, a motive. I turn it over and over in my mind until I have weven the beginning, the mid-dle and the end of my plot. I then sketch out the different characters to be introduced, and the various scenes of action. This done, I set to work, writing for four hours every morning. Somework, withing for lond nourseless many times I can write only one or two pages, but whe the inspiration is free and easy I can write a whole chapter at one sitting. Generally speaking, write my novels in the country and my plays i Paris. I do not surround myself with document to work on. I do not want them, since I for my characters and incidents out of my own mine the second in the country with I have come across in dail my characters and incidents out of my own mind, or according to what I have come across in daily life. I have a good memory and can remember about almost everything I have seen from childhood. I am not obliged to mount a railway engine, like Zola, who after all obtains only a very imperfect view of the scenes which come under his eye, and which are more imaginary than real, though the pictures he paints are marvellously executed.

It has often been said that M. Ohnet writes all his novels with the intention of dramatizing them That is not the case. He is a novelist first of all; the dramatist comes afterward. He says all; the dramatist comes afterward. He says it is not so easy to dramatize a novel as some persons imagine. The work has to be changed in many important respects. "For example," he continued, "the denouement in 'Comtesse Sarah' had to be altered for the stare, while the play of 'Serge Panine' contains many things, notably the great love scene in the third act, which do not exist in the romance."

THE SCIENCE OF THE OCCULT.

IS IT TO BE STUDIED SYSTEMATICALLY?

From The London Globe.

From The London Globe.

At the meeting of the British Association, that able, but eccentric physiciat, Professor Oliver Lodge, made a bold attempt to induce his fellow matural phissophers to take up the study of hypnotism, thought reading, and such occult subjects, at present relegated to the Psychical society. He called upon them not to shun these matters with religious horror any longer, and metaphorically draw in the skirts of their professorial gowns at the sight of what used to be called a "Spiritualist." It is the first time any one occupying the chair of a section has ever had the courage to speak out and champion such despised mysteries of the imman wind, and it shows how the scientific spirit is advancing from the sire ground of master and "force" to the far more wonderful but dublous field of mental phenomena.

Dr. Lodge's remarks have not fluttered the dovecots as much as might have been expected and probably was expected by himself. Tils is, perhaps, owing to the fact that he had nothing very new and striking to offer of his own, beyond some paradoxical views, calculated to make people think, but without enlightening them in a definite manner. He did not communicate any novel truths, or declare his own belief in any startling proposition, but merely advocated the scientific investigation of subjects hitheric tabooct by natural philosophers. Of course, he was told that "thought transference" belonged rather to the science of physiology than of physics. This is the orthodox view against which his address was levelled; but it must be confessed that as no science can be dissociated from another, except arbitrarily, there is in the nature of things no right reason for debarring physicists from studying mental things. Nature, as Pope expressed it, is "one stupendons whole."

The notion that anderlying our individuality there is a deeper community of being was brought forward by Dr. Lodge in connection with "thought transference." The late Clerk Maxwell was partial to this way of looking at human life, and

etric influence—the ether; and their individual way two persons, sympathetic or antipathetic, case may be, are perhaps united by a common st

case may be, are perhaps united by a common spiritual medium.

Dr. Lodge's suggestion that States should take research in hand by the establishment of endowed laboratories has something in its favoer; insamuch as such institutions could undertake laborious and protracted researches at present beyond the power of individual workers. It may be urged against the proposal that endowed laboratories soldom do mitch good work, as the workers, being well provided for, are apt to become lazy and enjoy their salaries in peace. But this is a fault which could be rectified by proper administration and supervision. Moreover, as Dr. Lodge pointed out, it is not from such institutions that we should expect original discoveries such as are made by gentlas, but rather such as are made by patient measurements. These laboratories would be an excellent training school for students of science—the discoveres of the future, and, although the time is perhaps not quite ripe for them, they will probably come ere long.

LORD RANDOLPH'S TRAVELS

HIS COMPANY NOT APPRECIATED BY HIS FELLOW VOYAGERS.

Cape Town, Angust 1. Lord Randolph Churchill seems to be a prophet without honor out of his own country. He may be enjoying himself here in South Africa. But it is not enjoying limself here in could a favorable impression upon those whom he has net. The people about the ship, Grantully Castle, on which he came out, could not endure him; and the people of Cape Town have done little else besides criticise and e him. The following diary of the voyage was written by one of Lord Randolph's fellow passengers on the Grantully Castle, and is vouched for as entirely It is published here in "The Cape Argus," and finds responsive echo in the hearts of all who have come in contact with his lordship:

May 6th .- I sail on Thursday. After all, I am not going by the Nimrod, but by the Grantully Castle. Mrs. S. discovered that Lord Landolph Churchill goes out on the Grantully Castle, and so I changed my boat. I look forward to meet his lordship. May 8th.-We gave a little farewell dinner to-night,

as I sail to-morrow. Talk chiefly of my fellow-pas-senger, Randy Churchill. The Wragges a little jealous. Jenkinson proposed "Duke of Mariborough and Lord Randolph Churchill, coupled with the name of our host." I replied in dignified terms, May 9th .-- We are off. How nobly our vessel buffets

against the briny billows! Just before we started a messenger brought me Miss Daldy's birthday book. with request that I should sign it and get Lord R. to do likewise. What a snob the girl is! Lord R. waited a moment on the gangway to be photographed. I think I must be in it as I got very near him. He has on a fiannel shirt and a wideawake. Is the only person so dressed on board. A noble countenance. feel as if I knew him already.

May 11th .- On deck, the sea surrounding us on every side. I put on a flannel shirt and a wide-awake. To my surprise, half of the passengers are now in flannel shirts and wideawakes, Lord R. taught them a lesson. He disappeared for a few minutes, and then emerged in morning cost and Served them right. Have had no opstiff collar. portunity of entering Into conversation with him yet, Have bowed, but he did not see me. Still Later. Lifted my hat to him, and he put a penny in Capital joke this, and so characteristic! The other passengers jealous. Have already been offered half a sov. for the penny.

May 12th .- 17th .- Very rough, Kept my berth. May 18th.—Unfortunate that I should have been detained in my berth so long. Lord R. has forgiten me, after we had broken the ice so pleasantly. gusting the way the other passengers surround limit no getting near him. Went into the dining-sale to-day half-an-hour before dinner in order to get a seat next his seat. Found twelve passengers already there with same object.

May 19th.—He has been forced to get a table reserved for himself and friends. This because such fights among the snobbish passengers for seat next I tried to catch his eye, and signed that I sympathized with him. then laughed. Delighted to see him look at me, but don't quite like his smile. May 20th.-There is little conversation at meals, as

the snots are all eager to catch what he says. heard him whispering to Captain Williams that if there were no stones in the prunes they could not play at "This year, next year, some time, never." We all laughed heartly. May 23d.-Have spoken to him.

He took out his cigar-case, and found nothing I immediately offered mine, saying, "Allow me." So did tweive other passengers. He answered. His words were, "No, thank you." "But I insist," I ssid; "I assure you, my lord, they are Rothschilds, at tenpence each." "If you insist," he replied, "I must yield." He then took one of my Rothschilds, and flung it overboard. Evidently he is full of fun.

May 25th .- Cannot make him out. Met him on deck to-day, and said, "How do, your lordship!" He turned away his head. Is it shyness ! May 26th.-What snobs those passengers are! They

play at "This year, next year, some every day with their prunes May 27th .- Another incident. He was having a

game at deck-quoits with Captain Williams. Passengers quarrelling about who should have the pleasure of lifting his quoits for him. I did it twice. stopped them by saying caddles golf were paid a shilling an hour. May 30th.-I came into contact with him again.

Every afternoon he plays cards on deck with Captain Williams. They always place their table at the same To day I put my chair there, so that when they came on deck I could say, "Allow me to move my chair." It all came off as I had anticipated. June 6th .- lie would not give me a reply to a civil June 7th.-He would not pass the mustard. ell. He shall not get another chance. June 8th.—He again declined to pass the mustard.

Talked him over with other passengers. He is disliked by everybody. We have decided to give him the cold shoulder.

June 10th.-How utterly unworthy of a so-called statesman to play at "This year, next year, some time, never!" He played again to-day, but none of us so much as looked at him.

June 13th.-I told him that some of the pa-

objected to card-playing, but that I was always ready to take a hand myself. Could it have been done more delicately ? He replied offensively-through Captain Williams. I now wash my hands of him.
June 15th.-The more we think of his language

about the prunes, the more we resent it. June 16th.-I gave him a last chance. He did not take it. June 17th.-I have been thinking back on that incident of the card-table. What business had be to

plant his table wherever I was sitting? June 18th .- He is writing his Dally Graphic article. I gave him my card in case he should want to mention He handed It back. Confound the my name.

my name. He handed it back. Confound the fellow, does he think I care a rap whether he prints my name or not!

June 19th.—I offered him a light. He blew it out. I am done with him.

June 20th.—We have been talking about the princs. Why should his primes to served without the stones!

June 21st.—We have ostracised him.

June 22td.—Insulted me again. Does he think I want his company!

June 23d.—Had I known he was to be on the Grantully Castle, I would have come out in the Nimrod.

June 24th.-Burned him in effigy.

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BROWNING'S RELIGION.

From The London Globe.

From The London Globe.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has brought out a new hood of verse, at the end of which he prints a "letter dedicatory" not of the most conciliatory kind. In it is speaks of "toesing" his work "to the birds of prey"; also of "the seif authorized critical pilots who mand the shallows of journalism." If Mr. Buchanan has 13 great a contempt for the critics, why does he send out his volumes for review?

In the course of this "letter," Mr. Buchanan relates a notable aneedots of Robert Frowoling. He says he once described Browning to his face as "at advocate of Christian theology, may an escentiality Christian teacher and preacher," and then, seeins in the poet's features the expression of amazement and concern," he put to him the plain and simple question, "Are you not, then, a Christian!" and in reply poet "Immediately thundered, 'No!"

From The London Duily News.

"Baboo-English," as it is contemptuously called, affords occasional food for mirth among us; but English papers appear to be not altogether barren of like entertoinment for the Baboo mind. An Indian journal points out that the rejoicing of an English clettcal organ over what it calls "the welcome heave from India that three Bengal regiment have been converted," together with its observation that "Providence has indeed blessed our work," comprises a double mistake. First, the regiments referred to around a Bengal, but Madras regiments; and, secondly, "conversion" is in this case simply a technical term implying that the regiments referred to have been abolished. Another "home journal" has, it appears, described the late Senapati as a person "whose civilization is still so rudimentary that he feeds on insects." This mysterious charge having been investigated by our Indian contemporary, it turns out that its solo foundation was the fact that the Senapati was accustomed to chew betels—that is, betel nuis. It was an accidental misspelling in the telegraphic messacs that gave rise to what the English journal very correctly described as "An extraordinary story free From The London Daily News.